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Celts who have helped build up Los Angeles

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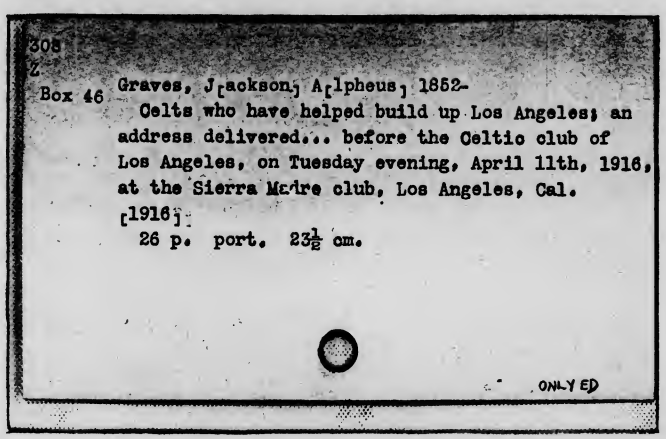

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J. A. Graves.

Celts Who Have Helped Build Up Los Angeles

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BY

J. A. Graves

BEFORE THE

Celtic Club of Los Angeles

ON

Tuesday Evening, April 11th, 1916

at the Sierra Madre Club, Los Angeles, Cal.

Celts Who Have Helped Build Up Los Angeles

By J. A. Graves

Mr. President, and Gentlemen of the Celtic Club of Los Angeles:

I AM one of those individuals who know something about a good many things, and nothing about a good many more. For instance, I am pretty well posted on the best strains of blood in horses, for either running or trotting purposes; what cows are the best for milk, butter and cheese making; what particular strain of hogs a man should raise for the best hams and bacon. I can tell you something about orange growing, something of banking, a little of the law; where you can get the best quail or deer shooting, or the best trout fishing; what portion of the local seashore will give you the most enjoyment; but I am afraid I have been heretofore extremely short in my knowledge of the Celts.

In my ignorance of the subject I consulted my friend, Mr. John T. Gaffey, himself an eminent Celt and one of the best read men in the country.

He deluged me with information, from which I learned that the first Aryan people who settled in Western Europe were the Celts. They were gradually overrun by the Romans and found refuge on the British Isles. That in modern times the true Celt is found in Ireland, Scotland, Wales, the Isle of Man, and Brittany, or Bretagne, in France. The plot of Balzac's great novel, "The Chouans," was laid in Bretagne. The very existence of this Club is proof that not a few Celts are found in this city.

Gaffey informed me that the Irish members of the Celtic family were of a nation so honorable that

they would never stoop to the acts of some of the members of the Latin races, who were addicted at times to surreptitiously putting a stiletto into the vital portion of the body of a sleeping enemy. That if an Irish Celt killed a person he wanted the killed person to know who was doing the killing. He further informed me that this same branch of the Celtic family is extremely handy at a shindy with a shillalah, and equally expert at hurling brickbats at an angry antagonist. That this remarkable race has also for years furnished America with a large proportion of its policemen, and Tammany Hall of New York City with brainy leaders, besides supplying the nation with not less than six Presidents, the States with innumerable Governors, and many national legislators.

That to the family of Celts the man in San Francisco belonged who, when he first saw a steam shovel loading sand into a string of dump cars, filling one car at every swoop, shook his fist at the heaving monster and said, "Yes, dom ye, yu can puff and yu can blow, and shovel sand, but yu can't wote."

That a Celt was with Columbus when he discovered America. When someone in the crow's nest cried out, "Land! Land!" this Celt asked, "Has it a govermint?" Being informed that it probably had, he said, "I am agin it."

Being thus enlightened by my friend Gaffey, I am ready to tell you something of the old time Celts who helped to build up this city.

I arrived in Los Angeles on the fifth day of June, 1875, coming from San Francisco by the old steamer Ancon to San Pedro, and from that point to the city by rail. On the steamer I made the acquaintance of that most estimable lady, Mrs. Margaret Hughes, who died but recently at an advanced age. The friendship thus casually formed I enjoyed to the end of her days.

When I got to the Commercial Street Depot I did not know whether I was one mile or ten from the business center. A Celtic hackman named Hewitt grabbed my grip and thrust me into a dirty hack. I asked him if he knew a good place for me to stop. "Well," he said, "all the bloods do be stopping at the Commercial Restaurant in Downey Block. Mr. W. J. Brodrick, Mr. Drackenfelt and Mr. Abe Haas do all be stopping there." I told him to take me to it, which he did in about a minute, as it was only a few blocks from the Commercial Street Depot. He relieved me of two big dollars from a very meagre store thereof which I possessed, for these brief services.

The very next day the trial of this man Hewitt began in the County Court of the County on the criminal charge of poisoning old man Askin's horses. Askins (also a Celt) kept a livery stable and was a rival hack driver. His trial occurred before Judge O'Melveny (Henry O'Melveny's father) and a jury, and if I remember rightly, my first Celtic acquaintance in Los Angeles was quickly convicted and sentenced to San Quentin for a good long term of imprisonment.

Judge O'Melveny was no slouch of a Celt himself. He came to Los Angeles from Illinois, and if he had never done anything else which he could be proud of, he did enough for the country in giving it his illustrious son, H. W. O'Melveny. But that was by no means his only contribution to the general good. He was a lovable old man and dispensed justice for many years fairly and impartially. He was always ready to assist the needy and advise the unfortunate.

One of my first acquaintances in Los Angeles was Thomas Copely, a Celt. He was the general grading contractor of the city. He dug all the cellars, all

of the foundations for new houses, laid all of the drain pipes, and graded all of the streets. He moved the earth in those old-fashioned one-horse carts that tip up backward and drop their load. He rode on the left-hand front corner of one of his carts until his right leg was curved or bent inward at the knee to fit the cart. He was a sober and industrious citizen and had the respect of all who knew him.

Another Celt was William McLean, who died but recently. He was a plasterer and a master of his trade. He was also a cement worker, and there are miles of sidewalks in this city which we are using every day, laid by him. He had the confidence of this community. His work never went back on him, but was done on honor, and he always had his hands full as long as he wanted work.

Then there was Daniel Desmond, who conducted a hat and gents furnishing goods store. He was also the leader of a brass band, and made music for our people on all special occasions. He was a representative citizen and, among other things, he was the father of Joe Desmond of aqueduct fame. His widow, upwards of eighty years of age, and sons and daughters, survive him.

Along about 1876 one Godfrey Hargitt sued his wife for divorce. Among his witnesses was Daniel Desmond, who testified that he lived next door to the Hargitts and that Mrs. Hargitt was all kinds of a devil. He gave instances of the manner in which she annoyed Hargitt incessantly, and then he added, "I live next door to the Hargitts, and if I get out on my porch to practice on the clarinet, Mrs. Hargitt lines up her childer in the next yard, and has all of them beating on tin cans." Whereupon J. G. Eastman, who was Mrs. Hargitt's attorney,

interposed with, "She ran an opposition band, Mr. Desmond."

And speaking of Godfrey Hargitt, there was another Celt to whom this city was much indebted. He was just as honest as they make them, a master builder, a man you could trust implicitly. He would not job you, he would not deceive you. He gave you value received. On one occasion he was building a dwelling house for one of our prominent citizens. The owner furnished the lumber, or rather, had it brought to the ground from some lumber yard. It was of such poor quality that Hargitt finally went to the owner and said to him, "I can't build you a decent house out of these knot holes. Change your lumber dealer or discharge me." The lumber dealer was changed.

Then there was Jack Goodwin, the horse-shoer. Jack is still alive. He shod many of the best horses of the town as long as he was in business, including nearly all of the trotting stock. He was a man of few words, but of great physical strength and activity.

I wonder how many here remember William McKee? He was a schoolmaster, a man of considerable learning, and of one exceedingly bad habit. He looked upon the wine when it was red, yea, he lovingly lingered over it, much to his own detriment. I have not thought of him for years, until I commenced to write these lines.

While mentioning educators, there was also Thomas A. Saxon, at one time County Superintendent of Schools. Like our friend John S. McGroarty, he was a poet. In fact, I believe there is something of the poetic nature in all true Celts. Saxon hailed from Ballona, and sat in all of our Democratic conventions. He was County Superintendent of Schools for several terms.

Another prominent educator was George W.

Burton, still alive and doing good work for the Los Angeles Times. He is old in years but young in heart and spirit. Half of the middle-aged men natives of this city went to school to him. He has reached a good old age, and I pray God that many years of usefulness may yet be in store for him. Southern California never had a warmer friend than George W. Burton.

Frank Burns, merchant, sheriff, railroad man, who is still living at an extremely old age, was one of the old stand-bys of the community. He was a fearless man and discharged the duties of his office as sheriff with fidelity and discretion. He was prominent in the councils of his party, a warm and generous friend. No man ever applied to Frank Burns for aid but what he got it, if Burns was in a position to give him anything.

There were the Leahys and the McDonalds, the former orchardists and vineyardists, and one of the latter a shoe merchant.

Samuel C. Foy, the harness and saddle maker, was a familiar figure in Los Angeles, and of Celtic lineage. I think his name is still on the windows of the store on Los Angeles Street which he conducted for many years, the business still being carried on by some member of his family.

J. M. Griffith, American born, was of Welsh descent. He came to Los Angeles in 1857 and lived here the rest of his life. He contributed to the erection of every church building erected in this city during his lifetime. For some years he was in the transportation business between Wilmington and Los Angeles and between this city and San Bernardino and Yuma. For many years he was engaged in the mill and lumber business. He was a charitable man, the soul of honor in his business dealings. He despised a liar and the man who could not be relied

on in a business transaction. He probably had something to do with the building of more dwelling houses and more business blocks than any other individual in this city.

Don Mateo Keller was another Celt to whom this County was much indebted. He was a scholarly man of earnest demeanor and speech. He blazed a way for the vineyardists of this County (whom the Prohibitionists are now seeking to destroy). In the early '70's, finding his cellars overflowing with matured stocks of wines and no market for them, he shipped cargo after cargo of his own manufactured goods to the city of New York. He went there personally, and, in the face of bitter disappointments, he persevered until he made a market for his wares. Sweet wines and brandies were his specialties, and he was one of the pioneers in introducing them to the Eastern market. He was one of the most sterling characters I ever knew. Although I was a young man when I came to this city, and he an elderly one, we became fast friends. From him I learned more of the history of Southern California, of the manners and customs of her people, than I ever learned from any other source. He was extensively read and well informed on a great many subjects. He was a great historian, and understood the philosophy as well as the facts of history. He was a large land owner. He died while his properties were still encumbered through his exertions to introduce his wares into the Eastern markets. Through the loyalty and good management of his very able friend, Isaias W. Hellman, whom he made his executor, his estate was freed from debt and a valuable inheritance distributed among his children. His son, Henry W. Keller, is a prominent and respected citizen of this city.

E. F. Spence, formerly a druggist at Grass Valley,

in Nevada County, came here from San Jose when the Commercial National Bank of Los Angeles was organized. This Bank subsequently became the First National Bank of this city. I drew the organization papers of both the Commercial and First National Banks. If I remember rightly, Mr. Spence was the first cashier of the First National, and finally its President. He was a man of strong qualities and pleasing address. He served for a term as Mayor of the City when that position devolved upon him the duties of police judge. He had many warm friends and did much towards establishing the First National on a firm foundation. He took a lively interest in all civic affairs, and his death was universally mourned throughout the city.

Prominent Celts were clergymen of the Catholic Church, including Bishop Montgomery, and subsequently Bishop Conaty, and Bishop Glass, who was recently transferred to a diocese at Salt Lake. The Church never had connected with it in this diocese a more powerful or influential man than Bishop Conaty. His labors were rewarded with an unparalleled growth in the membership of his organizations. But a short time ago we mourned his death. His successor has not yet been appointed. In addition to the Bishops above named there have been many able Catholic clergymen of Celtic origin, who have done much for Los Angeles.

There are few men in Southern California who, in the good old days, had a more extended acquaintance than William R. Rowland. His father was of Welsh origin. His childhood was spent at Puente, in this County, where his father was an extensive land owner. Mr. Rowland possesses very valuable holdings there. In his younger days he was several times Sheriff of the County. No word of complaint was ever uttered against his administration of that

high office. He now lives with his family in this city. He is a man of winning manners and most pleasing address. He was the first oil producer in the Puente district. Some of the wells he drilled there fully thirty years ago are still producing.

In connection with Mr. Wm. Lacy he organized the Puente Oil Company, which was successfully operated in the Puente District for many years. In 1894 or '95 it built an oil refinery at Chino, San Bernardino County. Oil for the refinery was piped from the Puente Hills to Chino. This was the first successful independent oil refinery in Southern California. After undergoing a very severe and gruelling competition for about two years with the Standard Oil Company, that company bought the Puente Oil Company's delivery system, and made an eight-year contract for the products of its refinery at a fixed price. Upon the completion of the contract the Puente Oil Company again went into the local market and is still refining and selling petroleum products.

Billy Rowland, as he is familiarly and affectionately known, carries his years well. A stranger meeting him would not guess his age by twenty years. Rowland knows more of the inner life of the older times in Los Angeles County than any other man in it. I have frequently threatened to get him up to Henry O'Menveny's place in the San Gabriel Canyon, accompanied by at least two good stenographers and plenty of liquid refreshments, and, through an extended interview with him, perpetuate a world of folk-lore, good stories of the olden time, and a history of days that are gone never to return to us. His memory is especially clear on everything that happened during the last half-century. He has occupied many positions of trust and responsibility. He is young in spirit, extremely

active for his age, mentally well-balanced, and enjoys an extended circle of friends, while possessing the confidence and respect of the community. I predict for him many added years of usefulness.

Thinking of our present day oil men reminds me that just as Napoleon had a genius for war, E. L. Doheny of this city has a genius for discovering and developing petroleum fields.

In connection with C. A. Canfield, he put Los Angeles on the map in 1893 by developing oil within the city limits. When the gloom of financial depression had settled all over the United States, Los Angeles, as a result of their discovery, at once took on new life and new activity. In fact, I think her great upward trend began at that time, and as a result of that discovery.

Leaving the local field, Mr. Doheny developed field after field throughout this State. His efforts were universally successful. Wherever he dropped a drill he achieved results. Later he began the development of an oil field near Tampico, Mexico, with the result that he has accumulated a vast fortune, made an international reputation as a prosperous man of affairs, and developed one of the largest, if not the largest, oil properties in the world.

The magnificent home he has established in Chester Place, in this City, and the development of a country place in the Santa Monica Mountains, are but sidelights in his remarkable achievements.

He possesses the good will and the good fellowship of this community. I trust that many years of usefulness may yet be his, and that he may enjoy all the happiness that his pluck, energy, perseverance and fair dealing with the world at large entitle him to.

The Celts of Los Angeles can well be proud of him.

William Mulholland, known to all of us as "Bill Mulholland," and Martin Marsh, sturdy Celts, came to the Pacific Coast on the same steamer. They were mere boys, but possessed plenty of pluck and energy. During the old order of things, Martin Marsh was considerable of a politician. He did not follow the Progressives in their meteoric flight to glory and approaching oblivion, but stood pat as a naughty machine politician of the old order. Hence, he has been in a political eclipse for some little time. He was an able member of the contracting firm of Ramish & Marsh, which in the past did much good work in this community.

In attempting to discuss Bill Mulholland, one has something of a boiler-plate job. A sturdy youth he was when he went to work for the Los Angeles Water Company with a pick and shovel. Slowly but surely he worked his way up to the head of the practical part of that company. He was always noted for his blunt manner and plain speech. On one occasion he was superintending some work on the Los Feliz Ranch for his company. A Walking Delegate sought him out. Asking if he was talking to William Mulholland, and being informed that he was, the Walking Delegate introduced himself and then said, "You must unionize this job. That's what I came here for. Do you see?" Without answer Bill seized him by the nape of his neck and seat of his trousers and cast him bodily into a ditch of water. When he scrambled out, Bill seized him again and returned him to the ditch. The Water Company's open-shop employes looked on with great amusement. When Bill thought he had punished the interloper enough he said to him, "I have now unionized this job. You can go back to where you came from, but go damn quick." There were no arrests over this affair.

During the long-drawn-out contest between the Water Company and the City, Mulholland was fair to his employer and fair to the City. The latter had sense enough to retain him at the head of its water organization. When the aqueduct was built Mulholland proved his worth. He proved himself bigger than the contractors, bigger than the politicians, bigger than the petty grafters who hang around all public works seeking crumbs from the spoils. Every estimate he made on the work was confirmed by consulting engineers. He kept faith with the people. He built the aqueduct for less than he said it would cost. He is supplementing this work by putting in an irrigation system in the San Fernando Valley which will make a garden spot of that highly favored region.

There are years of usefulness in him yet, and I hope this city will be wise enough to keep him in his present position as long as he is willing to remain there.

Let's stop right here, and drink to the health, prosperity and happiness of Bill Mulholland.

John G. Downey was one of the prominent pioneers of Los Angeles. He was born in Ireland in 1826, and came to America when a young man. He had acquired a knowledge of the drug business, and on coming to Los Angeles he opened a drug store in connection with Dr. A. H. McFarland, which they conducted for many years.

He was at one time Collector of the Port at San Pedro. In 1859 he was elected Lieutenant Governor of California. Milton S. Latham, elected Governor on the same ticket with him, went to the United States Senate. Downey was thus left acting Governor. He made a great record in that position. He established a reputation by vetoing what was known as the Bulkhead Bill. His entire administration is spoken of by California historians with approval. Electing Governors to the position of United States Senator became such a practice that Dennis Kearney's sand lot convention in 1879 incorporated into the constitution of the State a provision prohibiting the election of a Governor of the State, during his term of office, to the position of Senator. This provision of the constitution remained in force until recently, when, at the behest of the present dictator of the politics of the State (and who many think has usurped the liberties of its people), viz.: the present Governor of California, the voters of the State repealed this section of the constitution. This was done in order to pave the way for the election of the Governor to the Senate at the State election to be held this fall.

It is up to the voters of the State whether this program will be carried out or not.

Returning to Governor Downey,—he acquired large landed interests in Southern California. There was nothing of the aristocrat about him. He was at all times easily approachable by all classes. In connection with Alvinza Hayward he established the first bank in Los Angeles under the name of Hayward & Company. In 1871 he united with Mr. Isaias W. Hellman in organizing the Farmers and Merchants Bank of this city, of which he was for some time the president. He married Doña Maria Jesus Guirado, a most charming native Californian lady. They lived on Main Street near Fourth. Their house was the scene of many pleasant gatherings. Stephen M. White, myself, and other young people were regular visitors there on Sunday evenings for many years. Mrs. Downey was always most gracious to all of her guests. She acted as a mother to the young men of her acquaintance, giving them good advice and encouraging them to better their

condition morally as well as in worldly goods. All of Los Angeles mourned her unfortunate death in a railroad accident at Tehachapi in 1883. Governor Downey lived to a ripe old age. It can be truthfully said of him that he was one of the builders of this community.

Of Celtic ancestors on his mother's side, Daniel Freeman, large of frame, whole-souled, jovial, came to Los Angeles from Canada. He acquired from Sir Richard Burnett the Ranchos Centinella and Sausal Redondo. He was one of the pioneer grain farmers of the county. He and E. F. Spence were the assignees of Temple and Workman at the time of the failure of the bank conducted by those gentlemen. Prosperous villages, many homes and some manufacturing plants today occupy most of the broad acres formerly embraced in his holdings. He is still living at Inglewood the quiet life of retirement which his earlier activities entitle him to.

I have always said that this County should erect in some public place a monument to Isaac Lankershim, Daniel Freeman and L. J. Rose, as a tribute to the first two for what they did for the grain industry, and to the latter for his exertions for the viticultural, horticultural and live stock interests in Southern California. The memory of these three men should be kept green forever through all the generations which will come after us.

Thomas A. Rowan was the genial Celt of his generation. He had a laugh which would disarm an enemy and win favor for him with strange multitudes. His friends were legion. He was a good liver, took actual enjoyment in supporting the inner man. He was suave, diplomatic, and courtesy personified. He held many positions of trust and responsibility. He was elected County Treasurer for several successive terms. Finally, F. P. F. Temple

beat him for that office, but it broke the bank of Temple and Workman to accomplish that task. He has been dead these many years, but whenever and wherever his old time contemporaries chance to come together their thoughts and conversation turn instinctively to Tommy Rowan. He was everybody's friend and his own worst enemy. To those in need he gave liberally, even denying himself to assist others.

W. J. Brodrick, also a Celt, was a great friend and companion of Rowan. Socially, politically and in business enterprises their lives ran in the same channels. He was in the life insurance business for years. He had hosts of warm personal friends, and his death was universally mourned. He was always ready to assist every charitable enterprise and every movement for the public good.

The strongest intellectual character Los Angeles ever had was Stephen M. White, California born, but a Celt by descent. He came to this city a few months before I did. He was a stranger here, poor, without influence, without powerful friends. He employed his time studying law into the long hours of the night. He put his whole soul and all his energies into such business as came his way. His industry and ability won him recognition. In addition to his legal learning he was a scholarly man, and what is more, he was a versatile man. He did not specialize in the law. The result was, he was equally at home in any forum. He mastered all branches of the law. He could jump from a bitter contest over a complicated probate matter to the defense or prosecution of a desperate criminal, or into a litigation involving property rights or damages for personal injuries inflicted. Almost without sleep, and apparently without preparation, he could leave a case submitted to the court or to a

jury and begin the trial of some other case in some other court, equally as important, equally as difficult and intricate, and upon some subject entirely foreign to the case just finished by him. I say he could do these things apparently without preparation, but he did prepare. He burned the midnight oil to his own detriment. This afterward led to his breakdown, and finally, when the physical frame was entirely shattered, to his premature death in 1901. He was a master of diplomacy and of political strategy. By the force of his genius he won for himself the position of United States Senator against the working politicians of his party. He made a splendid senator. He accomplished more for California in one term than any other man who ever represented the State in the Senate of the nation. Frank P. Flint came nearer measuring up to White's usefulness than any other California Senator.

I am glad to be able to bear this tribute to his memory before this audience. There are some things that should be kept always green in the memory of each successive generation. Among these is the accomplishments and life work of so eminent a man as my warm personal friend, Stephen M. White.

One of White's most intimate friends and companions, when we were all young men together, was James C. Kays, another Celt. He is still living, enjoying the fruits of the careful and frugal business career of his young days. He has always had the profound respect of this community, and has held many public positions of trust. The world is better off for men of his character.

It would be inexcusable in me not to call your attention to Dr. Richard S. Den, a true Celt, a cultured gentleman, the soul of courtesy and honor. He was one of the first men to practice medicine in

this city after the American occupation. From the time the Baker Block was completed until his death he maintained offices in that building. He rode a black saddle horse in making his professional calls. He used a Spanish saddle and carried a pair of saddle bags slung on its pommel. Returning from his visit to a patient he would dismount in front of the Baker Block, remove his saddle bags, tell his horse to "Be aff, now," and the intelligent animal would walk in a stately manner to Ferguson & Rose's livery stable across the street, where he boarded.

In March, 1878, B. D. Wilson died. I was then twenty-eight years old, unmarried, and boarding at the St. Charles Hotel. Dr. Den also boarded there. He had a small table all to himself. It was near my table. The day of Mr. Wilson's funeral Dr. Den had a guest with him. I heard the guest ask the Doctor how old Mr. Wilson was. The Doctor's reply is firmly implanted in my memory. He said, "Really, I do not know, but in 1838 he was a grown man and I introduced him at a ball at Don Abel Stearns." That was forty years before the date of the conversation. When we are young, great age or long lapse of time in one's life strike us forcibly. To me, a man being grown forty years before, seemed at that time an impossibility. Dr. Den was a great stickler for the proprieties of the language and of life. In a lawsuit at Santa Barbara he had testified that he detected a lawyer in his employ in unprofessional conduct. "Did you discharge him?" asked his counsel. "Discharge him! Discharge him! You never discharges a professional man. I dispinsed with his services."

We found him dead in his bed one morning in a room in which he slept, adjoining his office in the Baker Block in this City.

This story would not be complete without a word

on Joseph D. Lynch and J. J. Ayers, both Celts, and for many years associated together in the newspaper business. Whatever their faults, and they were many, both of them were loyal to Southern California. Early and late, and all the time, they sang the glories of the Southland. Their faith in the future of Southern California and of Los Angeles in particular was supreme. Their editorials on the advantages and future prospects of this community were, when written, deemed highly imaginative. If reproduced today they would be pronounced prophetic. They undoubtedly did much towards directing the eyes of the world to Southern California. They were past masters in the art of boosting, and I must confess that "they builded better than they knew." If any man of moderate capital had followed their advice and properly invested it in real estate, and kept a moiety of such investment, he would today be rich beyond the dreams of avarice.

In the time allotted me I cannot possibly do justice to all of the worthy Celts I have in mind. I have, naturally, dealt largely with those of the olden days. There is no use of writing the history of the present time. That will come later. I have mentioned, with one or two exceptions, only those men known to me.

There were many others besides those I have mentioned, worthy of more than a passing notice. For instance, there was A. W. Ryan, familiarly known as "Andy" Ryan, who was our County Assessor, connected with the Los Angeles Water Company, afterwards engaged in the banking business, and still alive, hale and hearty (May his shadow never grow less!); Dr. Henry Worthington was an eminent physician; Henry Hamilton, proprietor of The Star, who resided at San Gabriel, and whose niece and heir, Miss Elizabeth McCullough, survives

him; there was Clancy the Jailer, at the old jail on the site of the Phillips Block at Spring and Franklin Streets; A. C. McDonald of Wilmington, land owner and sheep raiser, who built the McDonald Block on Main Street, this side of the old Court House; E. E. Hewitt, for years Superintendent of the Southern Pacific Company; John Muir, of the same company, whole-souled, genial, well liked and respected; Matthew Teed, a carpanter and builder, a City Councilman for many years, a most worthy and estimable man, the very soul of honor; Joe Mullally, who made bricks by the million, and John Bell, who laid up the bricks all over the city; Andrew A. Boyle, after whom the section known as Boyle Heights was named; Richard Egan of San Juan, still living, pioneer judge, hail fellow well met, at one time prominently connected with the Santa Fe; Richard Dillon and John Kenneally, pioneer dry goods merchant, both most worthy men; W. B. Lawler, educator and at one time justice of the peace; J. S. O'Neal, a laundryman of early days; P. C. Tonner, a versatile attorney, whose headquarters were at Pomona; J. C. Hannon of El Monte, for a long time a painstaking, conscientious member of our Board of Supervisors; George Hinds, stock raiser, member of the butchering firm of Vickery & Hinds, for many years a Supervisor of the County, a steadfast friend and honest citizen; Perfecto Hugo Reid, who was in the first constitutional convention of the State, and who devoted much of his time to studying the manners, habits and customs of our native Indians; then there was Don David Alexander, merchant, farmer, and for two terms Sheriff of the County. To exploit the lives, even briefly, of these men, would extend this article beyond all bounds.

All of the men I have mentioned assisted in laying the deep and broad foundations of this county and

city. By their devotion and genius they assisted in putting Southern California on the map. In prophetic visions many of them have clearly seen the future of all of Southern California several generations hence. In the midst of the multifarious calls upon our time, it is well for us to pause, from time to time, and review the acts of those who have preceded us. From their lives and their example we can learn lessons in perseverance, fortitude and strength of purpose.

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